

There begynneth the Temple of glas

For thought constreynt & greuous heuynes
 for penlyshed and hyghe distres
 To bed I wente now this other nyght
 whan that lucyna with hyr pale lyght
 was Joyned last with phebus in aquarpe
 Amyd decembre / whan of Januarpe
 Ther be halendes of the new yere
 And derke dyane horned and nothyng clere
 Had her beames vnder a mylky cloude
 With in my bed for cold I gan me shroude
 All desolate for constraynt of my woo
 The long nyght walowng to and fro
 Tyll at laste er I gan take kepe
 Me dyde oppresse a sodeyn dedly slepe
 With in the whiche me thought I was
 Raupshed in spyrte in to a Temple of glas
 I nyte how ferre in wyldernes
 That founded was as by lyclynes
 Not vpon stele / but on a craggy roche
 Lyke yse I frore / and as I dide approche
 Agayn the sonne that shone soo clere
 As ony crystall and euer nere and nere
 As I gan nyghe this grylly dredfull place
 I wer astonyed / the lyght soo in my face
 Began to smyte / soo persyng euer in one
 On euery parte where that I gan gone

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That I ne myght no thyng as I wolde
Aboute me conlydere and beholde
The wonder estres for bryghtnes of the sonne
Tyll atte last certayn skyes donne
With wynde chaced han her cours I went
Tofore the stremes of cytan and I blent
Soo that I myght within and withoute
Wherso I wolde beholden me aboute
For to reporte the facyon and manere
Of all this place that was circuler
In compas wyle/round by entayle wrought
And whan I had longe gone and sought
I founde a wyket and entred in as fast
In to the temple and myn eyen cast
On euery syde now lowe and now eft alofte
And right arone as I gan walken softe
yf I the sothe a right reporte shall
I sawe depaynted vpon a wall
From este to weste many a fayr ymage
Of sondry louers lyke as they were of age
Sette in ordre after they were trewe
With lyfly colours wonder fresh of hue
And as me thought I sawe som syt i som stāde
And som knelyng with bylles in theyr hande
And som with complaynt wofull and pyetous
with dolefull chere to putten to venus
Soo as she late fletyng in the see
Vpon her woo for to haue pytee

And fyrst of all I saugh there of cartage
Dido the quene so goodly of bysage
That gan complayne hyr aventure and caas
How she deceyued was of Encas
For all his hestes and his othes sworne
And sayd alas that euer she was borne
Whan she sawe that ded she must be
And next I sawe the complaynt of Medee
How that she talled was of Jason
And nygh by venus sawe I sytte Altheon
And all the maner how she booz hym slough
For whom she wepte and had pyne ynough
There sawe I also how that Penolope
For she so longe her lord ne myght see
Was of colour bothe pale and grene
And alther next was the fresh quene
I mene Alcest the noble trewe wyf
And for admete how she lost her lyf
And for her trouth yf I shall not lye
How she was toined in to a daylye
There was Orsylides Innocence
And all her mekenes and pacyence
There was eke Ioude and many other moo
And all the torment and the cruell woo
That she had for trystram all her lyue
And how that Tilbe her hert dide ryue
With thylke sword of syr Pyramus
And all the maner how that Theseus

The mynotaure slow amyd the hous
That was forwrynked by crafte of dedalus
whan he was in pylon hit in Crete
And how that philles felte of loues hete
The grete fyre of demephon alas
And for his falsched and for his trespas
Upon the walles depeynt men myght see
How she henge vpon a fylberd tree
And many a story moo than I rekene can
were in the temple/and how that parys wan
The fayr Eleyne a lusty fresh quene
And how achylles was for Polycene
Slayn vnwardly within trope toun
All this sawe I walkyng vp and doune
There sawe I wretton eke the hole tale
How philomene in to a nyghtyngale
Storned was/and proigne vnto a swalowe
And how the sabyngs in theyr maner halowe
The feste of lucrese yet in Rome toun
There sawe I also the sorow of palamon
That he in pylon felte and all the smert
And how that he thurgh vnto his hert
was hurt vnwaarly by castyng of an eye
On fayr fresh the lusty yong Emelye
And all the stryf bytwene hym and his brother
And how that one faught with that other
within the groue/till they by theseus
Accorded were as Chaucer telleth vs

And furthermore as I gan beholde
I sawe how phebus with an arowe of golde
I wounded was thurgh out his syde
Only by enuye of the god Cupide
And how that diane vnto a laurer tree
I tored was whan that she dide flee
And how that Ioue began to chaunge his cope
Only for loue of the fayre Europe
And in to a bulle/whan he did her sue
Lyste of his godhed his forme to transmewe
And how that he by transmutacyon
The shap gan take of Amphitryon
For Alcumena soo passyng was of beante
Soo was he hurt for all his deyte
With louys dart/and myght it not escape
There sawe I also how mars was take
Of vulcanus and with venus founde
And with the cheynes/I nuytible bounde
There was also all the poesye
Of hym Mercurye and all the Philogye
And how that she for her sapience
I wedded was to the god of eloquence
And how the Muses lowly dide obeye
Hyghe in to heuyn this lady to conueye
And with her songe how she was magnified
With Iubyster there to be stelled
And vppermore depaynt men myght see
How with her ryng the goodly canace

Of euery fowle/the leydonis and longe
Coude vndstond as she walked thym amonge
And how her brother soo often holpen was
In his mylchyeft/by the stede of bras
And furthermore in the temple were
full many a thousand louers here and there
In sondry wyse redy to complayne
Vnto the goddesse/of her woo and payne
How they were hyndred some for enuye
And how the serpent of fals Jolousye
full many a louer hath put a back
And causeles on them haue leyd a lack
And som there were that playned on absence
That were exiled and put out of ptesence
Thurgh wycked tonges and fals suspeccon
without mercy or ony remissyon
And other also her seruyse spent in vayne
And of her lady were not loued agayn
And also other that for pouerte
Durst in noo wyse her grete aduersyte
Discouere ne open/leest they were refused
And some for wantyng also were accused
And also other that loued secretly
And of her lady durst aske noo mercy
Leest that she wolde of hym haue despyte
And some also that putten right grete wyte
On double louers that loue thynges newe
Thurgh whos falsenes hyndred be the trewe

And some there were as it is ofte founde
That for her lady many a bloody wounde
Endured hath in many a regyon
Whyles that an other hath had possession
All of his lady and bereth away the fruyt
Of his labour and of all his luyt
And other complayned of Rycheſſe
How he with treſour doth his beſynneſſe
To wyne agaynſt all kynde and right
Where as true louers haue noo force ne myght
And some ther were as maydens yonge of age
That playnen ſoo with pyping and with rage
That were coupled agayn all nature
With croked olde that may not longe endure
For to perfourme the luſte of loues playe
For hit ne lit not vnto freſhe maye
For to be coupled to olde Januarie
They be ſoo dyuerſe that they muſt varye
For olde is grutchyng and malencolpous
Ay full of yre and ſuſpecpous
And yought entendeth to Joye and luſtynes
To myrth and play and to all gladnes
Alas that euer hit ſhold falle
Soo ſwete ſugre ycoupled be to galle
Thiſe yonge folke cryeden oft ſythe
And prayd venus her power to kythe
Vpon this myſchref and ſhape remedye
And right anone I herde other crye

with sobbyng teres and pyetous sorwe
To fore the goddesse by lamentacyon
That were constrayned in theyr youthe
And in childhode as is ofte couthe
Yentryd were in to relygyon
Or they had yeres of discrecyon
That all her lyf can not but complayn
In wyde copes perfeccyon for to fayne
Full couertly for to coueren theyr smert
And shewe the contrary of theyr hert
Thus sawe I wepe many a fayr mayde
That on theyr frendes all the wyte they layde
And other next I sawe there in grete rage
That they were maryed in theyr tendre age
Without fredome of free eleccyon
where loue hath selde domynacyon
for loue at large and at lyberte
wolde frely chese and not with suche trete
And other sawe I full ofte wepe and wrynge
That they in men fonde suche varyenge
To loue a season while that beaulte flourish
And after by disdayn soo vngoodly lourish
On her that whilom he callyd his lady dere
That was to hym so pleyssaunt and entyer
But lust with fayrnes is soo ouergoon
That in her herte trouthe abydeth noon
And some also I sawe in teres reyne
And pyetously on god and kynde pleyne

That euer they wold on ony creature
Soo moche beaute passyng by mesure;
Sette on a woman to gyue occasion
A man/to loue to his confusion
And namelp there/where he shall haue noo gra
foz with a loke forth by as he dooth pace (ce
full ofte falleth thurgh castyng of an eye
A man is wounded that he must nedis deye
That neuer perauenture after he shall her see
why wyl god doo soo grete a cruelte
To ony man/or to his creature
To make hym soo moche woo endure
foz her/percas/whom he shall in noo wyse
Reioyse neuer/but soo forth in Iuyse
Lede his lyf tyll that he be in his graue
foz he ne durst of hyr no mercy craue
And allo perauenture though he durst : wolde
he can not wyte where he hyr fynde sholde
I sawe there also/and therof had I routhe
That some were hyndred by couetyse & slouth
And some also for theyr hastynes
And other also for theyr rechelesnes
But at the last as I walked and behelde
Besyde pallas with her crystall shelde
Tofore the statute of venus set on heryght
There kneled a lady in my syght
Tofore the goddesse/whiche as the sonne
passeth the sterres/and also the stormes donne

And lucyfer to boyde the nyghtes sorowe
In clerenes passeth erly the morowe
And soo as Maye hath the souereynnte
Of euery moneth the fayrnes and beaute
And as the Rose in swetnes and odour
Surmounteth flourcs/and bame of all lycour
Hath the pryse/and as the rubye bryght
Of all stones in beaute and in syght
As it is knowe hath the Regalpe
Ryght soo this lady with her goodly eye
And with the stremes of hyr loke soo bryght
Surmounteth all thourgh beaute in my syght
That for to tell her grete semelynes
Her womanhed her porte and her fayrnes
Hit was a meruayle/how euer that nature
Cowde in her werkes make a creature
Soo angelyk soo goodly one to see
Soo femynyn or passyng of beaute
Whos sonnysh heer bryghter than goldwyre
Lyche phebus beames shynyng in his spyre
The goodlyhed also of her freshe face
Soo replenyshed of beaute and of grace
Soo well ennewed by nature and depeynt
As Rose and lylpes to gyder were meynt
Soo egally by good proporcyon
That as me thought by myr inspeccyon
I gan meruaylle how god or werke of kynde
Myghten of beaute suche a tresour fynde

Te peuen hyr soo passyng excellence
for in good fayth thurgh her hye presence
The temple was enlumyned enuyron
And for to speke of her condicyon
She was the beste that myght be on lyue
for there was none þ with her myght stryue
To speke of bounte or of gentylnesse
Of womanhede or of lowlynesse
Of curtesye or of goodlyhede
Of speche of chere or of semelyhede
Of poort benygne or of dalpaunce
The best taught and therto of pleyssaunce
She was the welle also of honeste
An examplayr and myrrour also was she
Of secretnes/ of trouthe/ of faythfulnes
And to all other lady and maystres
To shewe vertue who soo lyst to lere
And soo this lady right humble of chere
Lynelyng I sawe/ clad in grene and whyte
To fore venus goddesse of all delyte
Enbrowded all with stones and perre
Soo ryche that Ioye it was to see
With sondry rolles on her garnement
for terpowne the trouth of her entent
To shewe fully that for her humblesse
And for her vertue and her stablenesse
That she was rote of all womanly pleyssaunce
Therefore her word/ withoute varyaunce

Embrowded as men myght see
De mieulx en mieulx with stones of perre
This is to sayne that she was soo benygne
From better to better her hert doth resygne
And all her wyl to venus the goddesse
Whan that her lyst her harmes to redresse
For as me thought somwhat by her chere
For to complayne she had grete desyre
For in her hande she helde a lityll bylle
For to declare the summe of all her wylle
And to the goddesse her quarell for to shewe
Theffect of whiche was in wordes fewe

The coppe of the supplicacyon.

O lady Venus Moder of Cupide
That ail this world hast in gouernaunce
And hertes hie that hawten by pryde
Enclynest mekely to thyn obeyssaunce
Causer of Joye Relees of penaunce
And with thy strenges canst euery thyng discerne
Thurgh heuenly fyre of loue that is eterne

O blefull sterre persaunt and full of lycht
Of beames gladson / deuoyder of darkenes
Thyef recomfort after the blacke nyght
To voyde wofull hertes out of theyr heynesse
Take now good hede lady and goddesse

Soo that my bylle may your grace atteyne
Redresse to fynde of that I me complayne

for I am bounde to thyng that I nolde
frely to chese there lacke I lyberte
And soo I want of that myn herte wolde
The body is knyght/though my thought be free
Soo that I must of necessitye
My hertes lyst outward contrarpe
Though we be oon the dede must varpe

My worlshyp lauf I faylle eleccyon
Agayn all ryght bothe of god and kynde
Therto be knyght vnder subieccyon
fro whens fer both ar out of mynde
My thought gooth fourth my body is behynde
for I am here/and yond my remembrance
Betwene two so hange I in balance

Deuoyde of Joye/of woo I haue plente
what I desire/that may I not possede
for that I nolde is redy ay to me
And that I loue/for to sue I drede
To my delyre contrary is my mede
And thus I stonde departed in twayne
Of wyll and dede placed in a cheyne

for though I brenne with feruence and hete

within myn hert I mote complayne of colde
And by excesse though I swelte and swete
He to complayne god wote I am not bolde
Vnto no wyght/nor one word vnfolde
Of all my payne/ alas the hard stounde
The hotter þ I brenne/the colder is my wounde

for he that hath myn hert faythfully
And hool my loue in all honeste
without chaunge all be hit secretly
I haue no space with hym for to be
O lady venus consyder now and see
Vnto theffecte and complaynt of my byll
Synth lyf and deeth I put all in thy wyll

And thome thought the goddes did enclyne
Mekely her hede and softly gan expresse
That in short tyme her torment shold fyne
And how of hym for whom all her distresse
Contynued had and all her heuy nesse
She shold haue Joye and of her purgatoire
Be holpen soone and so lyue forth in glorie

And sayd doughter for thy sad trouthe
Thy faythfull menyng and Innocence
That planted be with outen ony flouthe
In your persone deuoyde of all offence
Soo han atteyned to our audyence

That with our grace ye shall be well reluyd
If you beete of all that hath you greuyd

And for that ye be ever of one entene
Withoute chaunge or mutabylte
And in your paynes ben soo pacient
To take lowly your aduersyte
And that soo longe thurgh the cruelte
Of olde sature my fader vnfortuned
Your woo shall now no lenger be contuned

And thynketh this within a lityll whyle
Hit shall alwage and ouer passen soone
For men by laylis passen many a myle
And ofte after a drepyng mone
The weder clereth / & whan the storne is done
The sonne shyneth in his spyre bryght
And Joye waketh a han woo is put to flyght

Remember eke how neuer yet no wyght
Ne cam to worshyp without som debate
And folke reioyse also more of lyght
That they with derkenes were waped & mate
No mans chaunce is allwaye fortunate
Ne no wyght prayseth of sugre the swetnes
But they toforeh aue tasted bytternes

Cryspid was alayed atte full

That tomed after to encrese of Joye
Penelope gan eke for sorowes dulle
For that her lord abode so long at troye
Also the torment there coude no man accoye
Of doorygene flour of all Bretaygne
Thus euer Joye is fyn and ende of payne

And trusteth this for conclusyon
The ende of sorow is Joye boyde of drede
For holy sayntes thurgh her passyon
Haue heuyn wonne by theyr souerayn mede
And plente gladly folowed after nede
And so my doughter after your greuaunce
If you behote ye shall haue full plesaunce

For euer of loue the maner and the gyse
Is for to hurte his seruaunt and to wounde
And when he hath taught them his empyse
He can in Joye make them to habounde
And sith that ye haue in my laas be bounde
Without grutchyng or rebellyon
Ye muste of right haue consolacyon

This is to sayne dowteth neuer a deell
That ye shall haue full possessyon
Of hym that ye now cheryshe soo well
In honest maner with oute offencyon
By cause I knowe your entencion

Is truly sette in party and in all
To loue hym best and moost in specyall

For he that ye haue chosen you to serue
Shall be to you such as ye desyre
Withoute chaunge fully cill he serue
Soo with my bond I haue sette hym a fyre
And with my grace I shall hym enspyre
That he in herte shall be ryght at your wyll
Whether ye lyst to saue hym or to spyll

For vnto you I shall his herte so lowe
Withoute spotte of any doblenesse
That he ne shall escape from the bowe
Though that hym selfe by vnstedfastnesse
I mene of cupyde that shall hym soo distresse
Vnto your hande with tharowe of golde
That he ne shall escape though he wolde

And syth ye lyst of pyte and of grace
In vertue only his yowthe to cheryshe
I shall by aspecte of my benygne face
Make hym teshewe euery synne and vyce
Soo that he shall haue noo maner spyce
In his corage to loue thynges newe
He shall to you soo playne be found and trewe

And whan this goodly fayr freshe of hie

Humble and benygne of trou., crop and rote
Conceyned had how venus gan to rewe
On her prayer playnly to doo bote
To chaunge her bytter attones in to lote
She fyll on knees of hyghe deuocyon
And in this wyle began her oryson

Hyghest of hye quene and Emperes
Goddesse of loue/of good yet the best
That thurgh your beaute withoute vyce
Whylom conquered chappell atte fest
That Iubiter thurgh his hye request
To all the goddes aboue celestyall
Made in his palays moost Imperyall

To you my lady vpholder of my lyf
Meekely I thanke soo as I may suffyle
That ye lyst now with herte ententyf
Soo graciously for me to deuyle
That whyle I lyue with humble sacrefyle
Vpon your awters your fest yere by yere
I shall encence caste in to the fyre

For of your grace I am full reconsoled
From euery trouble vnto Joye and ease
That sorowes all be from me exyled
Syth ye my lady lyst now tappeale
My paynes olde and fully my diseale

Unto gladnes soo sodenly to toine
Hauyng noo cause from hensforth to moine

For sythen ye soo mekely lyst to daunte
To my scruple hym that loueth me best
And of your bounte soo graciously to graunte
That he ne shall varpe though hym lyst
Wherof my herte is fully brought to reste
For now and euer o lady my benygne
That hert and wyll I hooly to you resygne

Thankyng you with all my full herte
That of your grace and vysitacyon
Soo humbly lyst hym to conuerte
Fully to be at my subieccyon
Withoute chaunge or transmutacyon
Unto his last/now laude and reuerence
Be to your name and excellence

This all and sūme and chyef of my request
And hooll substance of my full entent
you thankyng euer of your graunt and best
Both now and euer that ye me grace sent
To conquere hym that neuer shall repent
Me for to serue and humbly for to please
As fynall trelour of my hertes ease

And thenne anone venus cast a down

In to her lappe brasches whyte and grene
Of hawthorn that went enuyron
Aboute her heed that Joye was to sene
And bad her kepe hem honestly and clene
Whiche shold not fade ne neuer were olde
If she her biddynge kepe as she hath tolde

And as these bowes be bothe fayr and swete
folowe theffecte that they doo specyfye
This is to sayne bothe in cold and hete
Be ye of one hert and of one fantasye
As arn these leues whiche may not dye
By no duresse of stormes that ben kene
Nomore in wynter than in somer grene

Right soo hy ensample of wele or woo
for Joye torment or for aduersyte
whether soo fortune fauour/or be foo
for pouert ryches or prosperyte
That ye your hert kepe in one degre
To loue hym best for no thyng that ye fayne
whom I haue bound so low vnder your chayne

And with þ word the goddesse shoke her hede
And was in pees and spake as tho nomore
And therwith all full fempnyyn of drede
He thought this lady syghen gan full soze
And sayd agayn/lady that mayst restore

Hertes in Joye from theyr aduersyte
To do your wyll de mieulx en mieulx ma gree

Thus euer slepyng dremyng as I laye
Within the temple me thought I laye
Grette prees of folke with murmure woderfull
To croude and shoue/the temple was soo full
Eueryche full besy/in his owne cause
That I ne may shortly in a clause
Discryuen all the rytes and the guyse
And eke I wante connyng to deuyse (he
How some there were with blood encence & myl
And some with floures lote & softe as sylke
And some with sparowes and douues whyte
That for to offren gan hem delyte
Vnto the goddesse with syghe and prayer
Them to relese of that they moost desyre
That for the prees shortly to conclude
I went my waye for the multytude
He for to refreshe out of the prees aloue
And by my selfe me thought as I gan goone
Within the estres and gan a whyle tarpe
I sawe a man that walked all solytarpe
That as me semeth for heuynes and dole
Hym to compleyne/that he walked so sole
Withoute espyeng of ony other wyght
And yf I shall discryue hym aryght
If that he had not be in heuynes

He thought he was/to speke of semelynes
Of shap of fourme/and also of stature
The moost passyng/that euer yet nature
Made in her werkes/and lyke to be a man
And therwith all as I reherce can
Of face and chere the moost gracypous
To be byloued happy and euous
But as it semed outward by his chere
That he complayned for lacke of his desyre
for by hym selfe as he walked vp and down
I herde hym make a lamentacyon
And sayd alas/what thyng may this be
That now am boude that whilom was fre
And went at large at myn eleccyon
Now am I caught vnder subieccyon
for to become a very homager
To god of loue/where or I cam here
felte in myn herte/nought of loues payne
But now of new/within her feryr chayne
I am embraced soo that I maye not stryue
To serue and loue while I am on lyue
The goodly freshe in the temple yonder
I sawe right now/that I had wonder
How euer god/for to rekene all
Myght make a thyng soo celestyall
Soo angelyke on erthe to appere
for with the streemes of her even clere
I am wounded euen to the hert

That fro the deth I may not altere
And moost I meruayle that soo sodeynly
I was soo yolde to be at her mercy
Whether that she lyst me to lyue or deye
Withoute more / I must her lust obeye
And take mekely my sodeyn auenture
For syth my lyf / my deth / and eke my cure
Is in her hand it wyl not auaylle
To grutche agayn / for of this bataylle
The palme is hers / and playnly the victorie
If I rebelled honour none ne gloire
I myght not in ony wyse acheue
Syth I am yolden / how shold I thenne proue
To renne awaye / I wote hit wyl not be
Though I be loos / at large I may not flee
O god of loue how sharp is now thyn arowe
How mayst thou now soo cruelly & soo narrowe
Withoute cause hurte me and wounde
And takest none hede my sorowes to founde
But lyke a byrde that fleeth at her desyre
Tyll sodeynly within the pantore
She is caught though late she was at large
A newe tempest forcasteth now my barge
Now vp now down / with wynde it is so blowe
Soo am I possted and almost ouerthrowe
Foordryue in derknes of many sondry wawe
Alas whan shall this tempest ouerdrawe
To clere the skyes of myn aduersyte

The lode sterre what that I ne may see
Hit is soo hyd with clowdes that be blacke
Alas whan wyl this torment ouerslacke
I can not wyte/for who is hurt of newe
And bledeth inward tyll he were pale of hue
And hath his wound vnwarly freshe & grene
And hit is not knowē vnto the harmes kene
Of myghty cupyde that can soo hertes daunte
That no man may in his warre hym vaunte
To gete a pryce but oonly by mekenes
For there ne vayneleth stryue ne sturdynes
Soo maye I saye that with a loke am yolde
And haue no power to stryue though I wolde
Thus stonde I euer betwix lyf and deeth
To loue and serue whyle I haue breth
In suche a place where I dare not playne
Lyke hym that is in torment and in payne
And knoweth not to whom to discure
For there that I haue holy set my cure
I dare not well for drede ne for daunger
And for vnknownen tellen how the fyre
Of loues bronde is kyndled in my breste
Thus am I mured and slayn atte leste
Soo pryuely within my thought
O lady venus whom I haue sought
Soo wythe me now what me is best to doo
That am distraught with my selfe soo
That I ne wote what waye for to torne

Sauf by my selfe soleyn for to morne
Hangyng in balance betwix hope and drede
without comforte remedye or rede
for hope biddeth pursue and assaye
And agaynward drede answerth naye
And now with hope I am set a losse
But drede and daunger hard & nothyng losse
Hath ouerthrowe my trust and put a down
Now at my large/now fetred in pyloun
Now in torment/now in souerayn glorie
Now in paradyle and now in purgatorie
As man dispayred in a double watre
Borne vp with hope/& thenne anone daunger
He draweth a backe/and sayth it shall not be
for where as I of myne aduersyte
Am bolde somwhyle mercy to requyre
Thenne cometh dispaire & begynneth me to lere
A newe lesson to hope full the contrarie
They ben soo dyuerse they wyll doo me varye
And thus I stande dismayed in a traunce
for whan that hope were lykly me tauannce
for drede I tremble & dare one word not speke
And yf hit soo be/that I not out breke
To tell the harmes that greuen me soo sore
But in my selfe encrece them more and more
And to be slayn fully me delyte
whan of my deth she is noo thyng to wyte
for but yf she the constreynt playnly knowe

How shold she euer/on my paynes rue
Thus oft tyme with hope I am meuyd
To tell her all/how I am greuyd
And to be hardy on me for to take
To are mercy/but drede doth me thēne awake
And thenne wanhope answereth me agayn
That better were that she haue dildayne
To deye attones vnknownen of ony wyght
And therwith all biddeth hope anone ryght
Me/to be bolde and praye her of grace
And syth all vertues be portreyd in her face
Hit were not syttyng/that pyte were behynde
And right anone within my self I fynde
A newe plee brought on me with drede
That me soo maileth that I see noo spede
By cause he sayd that stonyeth all my blood
I am soo symple and she is soo good
Thus hope and drede in me wyll not seace
To plete and stryue my harmes to encrece
But at hardest yet or I be dede
Of my distresse syth I can noo rede
But stande down styll as ony stone
To fore the goddesse I wyll nie haste anone
And compleyne withoute more sermon
Though deth be fyn and full conclusyon
Of my request/yet I wyll assaye
And right anone me thought I saye
This wofull man as I haue memorye

Full lowly entre in to an oratozpe
And kneled adoun in full humble wyse
To fore the goddesse and gan anone deuyse
His pyteous quarell with a dolefull chere
Sayeng right thus as ye shall here

The complaynte of the man.

Redresse of sorowe O Citherea
That with the stremes of thy plesaunt hete
Gladest the Mounte of all Cirrea
Where thou hast chosen thy paleys and sete
Whos bryght beames ben welshen and wete
In the Ryuer of Elycon the welle
Haue now pyte of that I shall yow telle

And nof disdayne ye of your benygnyte
My mortall woo O lady myn Goddesse
Of grace and bounte and mercyfull pyte
Benygncly to helpe and to redresse
And though soo be I can not well expresse
The greuous harmes that I fele in my herte
Haue neuer yet the lesse mercy of my smerte

This is to sayne O clere heuens lyght
That next the sonne sercled haue your spere
Syth ye me hurte with your dredfull myght

By influence of your beames clere
And that I by your seruyse now soo dere
As ye me brought in to this maladye
Be ye gracious and shape ye remedye

For in you hooly lyeth helpe of all this care.
And knowe best my sorowe and all my payne
For drede of deth/how I ne dare alas
To axen mercy ones/ne me complayne
Now with your fyre hert soo constrayne
Withoute more/or I deye atte laste
That she may wyte what is my requeste

How I noo thyng in all this world desyre
But for to serue fully to myn ende
That goodly freshe soo womanly of chere
Withoute chaunge while I haue lyfe & mynde
And that ye wold suche grace sende
Of my seruyse that she not disdeyne
Sythen her to serue I may not me restreyn

And syth that hope me hath yeuue hardynes
To loue her best and neuer to repent
Whiles that I lyue with all my besynes
To drede & serue/though daunger neuer assente
And here vpon ye knowe myn entente
How I haue bowed fully in my mynde
To be her man/though I noo mercy fynde

For in my hert enprynted is soo soze
Her shap her forme and all her semelynes
Her porte her chere/her godenes more & more
Her womanhed and eke her gentylnes
Her trowth/her fayth and her kyndnes
With all vertues eche set in her degree
Ther is noo lacke/laupng oonly of pyte

Her sad demenyng of wyll not varyable
Of loke benygne/and rote of all plesaunce
And exemplayre to all that wyll be stable
Discrete prudente of wysdom suffysaunce
Myrrour of wytte ground of gouernaunce
A world of beaute compassed in her face
Whos persant loke doth thurgh my hert race

And ouer this wonder secrete and true
A well of fredome and right bounteuons
And euer encrecyng in vertue new and newe
Of speche goodly/and wonder gracyous
Deuoyde of pryde/to poure not dyspytous
And yf that I shortly I hall not feyne
Saue vpon mercy I noo thying compleyne

What wonder thenne/though I be with drede
Only suppresed for to aren grace
Of her that is quene of womanhede
For well I wote in soo hyghe a place

Hit wyl not be/therfore I ouer pace
And take lowly what woo I endure
Tyll she of pyte me take to her cure

But one auowe playnly here I make
That whether soo be/she doo me lyf or deye
I wyl not grutche/but humbly hit take
And thanke god and wylfully obeye
for by my trowth my hert shall ueuer reneye
for lyf ne deth mercy ne daunger
Of wyl and thought to be at her desyre

To ben as trewe as euer was Antonyus
To Cleopatre whyle hym lasted breth
Or on to Thelbe yong Pyramus (deth
That was faythfull found/tyll theym deyped
Right soo shall I tyll Antropos me sleeth
for wele or woo her faythful man be found
Vnto my last/lyke as my hert is bound

To loue as well as dyde Achylles
Vnto his laste the fayre Polixene
Or as the grete famous Hercules
for dianyre that felte the shott kene
Right soo shall I saye right as I mene
whyle that I lyue/her bothe drede and serue
for lacke of mercy though she doo me sterue

Now lady venus to whom no thyng unknowe
Is in the world hyde/ne nought may be
For there nys thyng neyther hye ne lowe
May be counceled from your pryuate
fro whom my menyng is not now secree
But wyte fully that myn entent is true
And lyke my trouthe now on my payne rue

For more of grace than of presumpcyon
I axe mercy/and noo thyng of dute
Of lowly humbles/withoute offencyon
That ye enclyne of your benygnyte
your audyence vnto my humylyte
To graunt me that to you I clepe and calle
Some daye relees yet of my paynes alle

And sythe ye haue the guerdon and the mede
Of all louers pleynty in your honde
Now of grace and pyte take ye hede
Of my distres/that am vnder your bonde
Soo lowly bounde/as ye well vnderstonde
In that place where I toke fyrst my wounde
Of pyte suffre ye my helth may be founde

That lyke as she me hurte with a syght
Right soo with helth lete me her sustene
And as the streames of her eyen bryght
whylom my hert with woundes sharp i kene

Thurgh pershed haue and yet be freshe & grene
Soo as she me hurte/lete her me socour
Or ellys certayn I may not long endure

for lacke of speche I can say you noo more
I haue mater but I can not playne
My wytte is dull to tell all my soze
A mouth I haue/and yet for all my payne
for want of wordes I may not now attayne
To tell half/that dothe my hert greue
Mercy abydyng/tyll she me lyst releue

But this theffet of my mater fynall
with deth or mercy relees for to fynde
for hert body thought lye lust and all
wyth all my reson and all my full mynde
And fyue wyttes of one assent I bynde
To her scruple with oute ony stryf
And make her pryncesse of my deth or lye

And now I pray of reuth and eke pyte
O goodly planet/o lady venus bryght
That ye your sone of his deyte
Lupide I mene that with his dredfull myght
And with his brond that is soo clere of lyght
her herte soo to fyre and to marke
As ye me whylom brent with a sparke

That lyke wyle and with the same fyre;
She may be hit/as I now brenne and melte
Soo that her herte be flāmed with desyre
That she may knowe by feruēce how I swelte
for of pyte playnly yf she felte
The selfe hete that dooth myn hert embrace
I hope of reuth she wyl doo me grace

And there with all Venus as me thought
Towardes this man ful benygne
Can cast her eye/lyke as that she rought
Of his disease/and sayed full goodly
Syth it is soo/that thou soo humbly
withoute grutchyng our bestes lyst obeye
Toward thyn helpe I wyl anone pourueye

And also my sone Cupide that is soo blynde
He shall be helpyng fully to performe
your hooll desyre/that noo thyng be behynde
Ne shall be lefte/soo we shall reforme
This pyteous cōplaynt/þ maketh þ to morne
That she for whom þ sorowest moost in hert
Shall thurgh her mercy relece all thy smert

whan she seeth tyme/thurgh our purueaūce
Be not to hasty/but suffre all thyng wele,
for in abydyng/thurgh lowly obeyssaūce
Lyeth full redres/of all that ye now fele

And she shall be as trewe as any stele
To you alone/by our myght and grace
If ye lyst mekely abyde a lytyll space

But vnderstande ye that all her cherisynge
Shall be grounded vpon honeste
That noo wyght shall by ony rehercyng
Deme amys of her in noo degre
for neyther mercy/reuth/nor pyte
She shall not haue ne take of the none hede
ferther than longeth vnto her womanhede

Be not astonyed of noo wylfulnes
Ne not despayred of this dissolucyon
Lete reson brydle lust by burumnes
without grutchyng or rebellyon
for Joye shall folowe all this passyon
for who can suffre torment and endure
Ne maye not faylle/but folowe shall his cure

for to fore alle she shall the loue best
Soo shall I her withoute offencyon
By Influence enspyre in her brest
In honest wylc with full entencyon
for tenclyne by clene affeccyon
her hert fully on the to haue reuthe
By cause I knowe that thou menest treuthe

Goo now to hyr where as he stant a syde
with humble chere/and put the in her grace
And all before lete hope be thy guyde
And though that drede wold with the pace
Hit sytteth well/but loke that thou arace
Out of thyn hert wanhope and dispeyr
To her ptesence er thou haue repeyr

And mercy fyrst shall thy waye make
And honest menyng afore doo thy message
To make pyte in her herte awake
And secretnes to further thy vyage
with humble porte to her that is soo sage
Shall meanes be/and I my selfe also
Shall the fortune/or thy tale be doo

Goo forth anone/and be right good of chere
for specheles noo thyng may you spede
Be good of trust and be noo thyng in were
Syth I my selfe shall helpen in this nede
for atte lest of her goodlyhede
She shall to the her audyence enclyne
And lowly to her tyll thou thy tale fyne

For well thou wost yf I shall not feyne
without speche thou mayst noo mercy haue
for who that wyl of his pryue peyne
fully be cured his lyf to helpe and saue

He must mekely out o^f his hert graue
Discure his wounde and shewe hit his leche
Or ellys deye for defaute of speche

For he that is in mitchyef rekles
To seche helpe I holde hym a wretche
And she ne may thyn hert bryng in pees
But yf thy compleyne to hyr hert stretch
woldest thou be cured and wylt no salue fetch
Hit wyl not be/for noo wyght may atteyne
To come to blyss/ yf he lyst lyue in peyne

Therefore attones goo forth in humble wyse
To fore thy lady and lowly knele a down
And in all trouche thy wordes soo deuyse
That she on the haue compassyon
For she that is of soo hye renoun
In all vertues as quene and souerayn
Of womanhede shall rue on thy payn

And whan the goddes this lesson had tolde
About me soo I gan beholde
Right soo astonyed stode in a traunce
To see the maner and couテナunce
And all the chere of this wofull man
That was of hue dedely pale and wan
With drede supplyed in his owne thought

Makynge chere as though he rought nought
Of lyf ne deth ne what soo hym betyde
Soo moche fere he had on euery syde
To put hym forth for to tell his payne
Vnto his lady/other to complayne
what woo he felte torment or disese
what dedely sorowe his hert dide lese
for reuthe of whiche his woos I endyte
My penne I fele quake as I wryte
Of hym I had soo grete compassyon
for to reherce his weymentacyon
That vnnethe though with my selfe I stryue
I want connyng his paynes to discryue
Alas to whom shall I for helpe caille
Not to the muses for cause they ben alle
Helpe of right in Joye and not in woo
And in maters that they delyte also
wherfore they nyl as now dyprecte my style
Nor me enspyre alas the hard whyle
I can now further but to Theliphon
And to her suster to caille helpe vpon
That be goddesses of torment and payne
Now lete your teres in to myn ynke reyne
with woofull wordes my paper for to blotte
This woofull mater to peynt not/but spotte
To tell the maner of this drededefull man
Vpon his complaynt whan he fyrst began
To tell his lady whan he gan declare

His hyd sorowes/and his enyll fare
That at his herte constreyned soo sore
Theffect of whiche was this withoute more

Pryncesse of youthe and flour of gentylnes
Ensample of vertue ground of curtesye
Of beaute rote quene and eke maystres
To all wyūen how they shall hem gye
And lothfast myrrour teremplyfye
The right way of porte and of womanhede
What I shall saye/of mercy take ye hede
Besechyng fyrst vnto your hye nobles
With quakyng hert of my Inward drede
Of grace and pyte and not of rightwysnes
Of very reuche to helpen this nede
This is to saye I well of goodlyhede
That I ne recke though ye doo me deye
Soo ye lyst fyrst to here what I seye

The drededefull stroke the grete force & myght
Of god Cupide that noo man may rebell
Soo Inwardly thurgh out myn hert right
Iperced hath that I ne may councele
Myn hyd wound ne I ne may apele
Vnto noo gretter/this myghty god soo faste
you to serue hath me bound vnto my laste

That hert and all withoute cryf ar yolde

for lyf or deth to your scruple alone
Right as the goddesse myghty Venus wolde
Tofore her mekely whan I made my mone
She me constreyned withoute chaunge anone
To your scruple and neuer for to fayne
Wherso euer ye lyst to doo me ease or payne

Soo that I can noo thyng but mercy crye
Of you my lady/and chaunge for noo newe
That ye lyst goodly tofore or that I deye
Of very reuthe vpon my paynes rue
For by my trouthe/and ye my paynes knewe
What is the cause of myne aduersyte
On myn dysese ye wold haue pyte

for vnto you trewe and eke secree
I wyll be founde to serue as I best can
And therwith all as lowly in eche degre
To you be alone as euer yet was man
Vnto his lady from the tyme I began
And shall soo forth withouten ony slouth
Whiles that I lyue/by god and by my trouthe

for leuer I had to deye sodeynly
Than you offende in ony maner wyse
And suffre paynes inward pryuely
Than my scruple as now ye shold dyspse
For I right nought wyll are in noo wyse

But for your seruaunt ye wold me accepte
And whan I trespase/goodly me correcte

And for to graunte of mercy the prayer
Donly of grace and womanly pyte
From day to day that I myght lere
you for to plese/and therwith all that ye
whan I doo mys/lyst for to teche me
In your scruple how that I may amende
from hensforth and neuer you offende

for vnto me hit doth ynough suffyse
That for your man ye wold me relceyue
fully to be as ye lyst deuyle
And as ferforth as my wyttes can conceyue
And therwith all lyke as ye proue
That I be true/to guerdone me of grace
Or ellys to punyshe after my trespase

And yf soo be that I may not atteyne
Vnto your mercy/yet graunte atte leste
In your scruple for all my woo and payne
That I may depen after my behest
This is all and some the fyn of my request
Eythre with mercy your seruaunt to saue
Or mercyles that I may be begraue

And whan this benygne of her entent true

Conceyued hath the complaynt of this man
Right as the freshe rody Rose newe
Of her colour to wexen she began
Her blood astonyed soo from her hert it ran
In to her face of very femynyte
Thurgh honest drede abashed was she

And humbly she began her eyen caste
Towardes hym of hyr benygnyte
Soo that noo word by her lyppes paste
For hast nor drede mercy ne pyte
For soo demened she was in honeste
That vndupled noo thyng fro her stert
Soo moche of reson was compassed in hert

Tyll atte last of whiche she did abraide
Whan she his trouthe and menyng did fele
And vnto hym full goodly spake and sayd
Of your behest and your menyng wele
And your scruple soo faythfull euery dele
Whiche vnto me soo lowly now ye offre
With all my hert / I thanke you of your profer

That for soo moche your entent is sette
Only in vertue I bydded vnder drede
Ye must of right nedis fare the bet
Of your request / and the better spede
But as for me I may of womanhede

Noo ferther graunte to you in myn entente
Than as my lady Venus wyll assente

for she well knoweth I am not at my large
To doon right nought but by her ordinaunce
Soo am I drowned vnder her dredefull charge
Her lyste tobbe ye withoute varyaunce
But for my parte soo hit be plesaunce
Vnto the goddesse for trouth in your empyle
I you accepte fully to my scruple

for she my herte hath in subieccyon
whiche hooly is yours and neuer shall repente
In thought nor dede in myn eleccyon
Wytnes on Venus that knoweth myn entent
fully to be ye hyr dome and Jugement
Soo as hyr lyste dispose and ordeyne
Right as she knoweth þ tought of vs twayne

for vnto the tyme that Venus lyst prouyde
To shape awaye for our hertes ease
Bothe ye and I mekely must abyde
To take at gree/and not of our disease
To grutche agayn tyll that she lyst appease
Our hyd woo soo Inly that constreyneth
from day to day and our hertes peyneth

for in abydyng of woo and all affraye

who' soo can suffre is founden remedye
And for the beste full ofte is made delaye
Er men beheled of theyr maladye
Wherfore as Venus lyst this mater to gye
Lette vs agree/and take all for the best
Tyll her lyst/sette bothe our hertes in rest

for she is that byndeth and can constreyn
Hertes in one/this fortunate planete
And can releace louers of her peyne
To turne fully her bytter in to swete
Now blyssfull goddes down fro thy sterry sete
Vs to fortune cast your stremes shene
Lyke as ye knowe/that we trouth mene

And therwith all as I myn eyen caste
for to perceyue the maner of these twayne
Tofore the goddesse mehely as they paste
We thought I sawe with a golden cheyne
Venus/anone embrace and constreyn
Her bothe hertes in one/for to perseuere
Whiles that they lyue/and neuer to disseuere

Seyeng right thus with a benygne chere
Syth it is soo/ye be vnder my myght
My wyll is thus/that ye my doughter dere
full accepte this man as it is right
Vnto your grace anone here in my syght

That euer hath ben soo lowly you to serue
Hit is good skyll your thanke that he deserue

your honour sauf and also your womanhede
Hym to cheryshe/hit lytteth you right wele
Syth he is bounde vnder hope and drede
Amyd my cheyne that forged is of stele
ye must of mercy shape that he fele
In you some grace of his long seruyse
And that in hast lyke as I shall deuyse

This is to say that ye take hede
How he to you oft faythfull it and true
Of all your seruaūtes/ & no thyng for his mede
Of you he asketh/ but ye on hym rue
For he bowed hath to chaūge for noo newe
For lyf he deth/ for Joye he for payne
Al to be yours/ soo as ye lyst ordayne

Wherfore ye muste or els it were wronge
Vnto your grace fully hym receyue
In my presence/by cause he hath soo longe
Hooly ben yours/as ye may conceyue
That from your mercy/ yf ye hym weyue
I wyll my selfe recorde cruelte
In your personc/ and grete lacke of pyte

Lette hym for his trouth fynde thenne agayn

for longe scruple/guerdon hym with grace
And late your pyte weye down his payn
for tyme is now daunger to arace
Dute of your hert/and mercy in to space
And loue for loue wold well beseme
To yeue agayn and this I playnly deme

And as for hym I wyll be his borowe
Of lowlyhede and besy attendaunce
How he shall be bothe eue and morowe
full dilygent to doon his obseruaunce
And euer awaytyng/you to doo pleyfaunce
wherfore my sone/lysten and take hede
fully to beye/as I shall the rede

And fyrst of all my wyll is that thou be
faythfull in hert and constant as a wall
True humble/meke/and therwith all secre
withoute chaunge in partye or in all
And for noo torment that the fallen shall
Tempest the not/but euer in stedfastnes
Kote thyn herte/and voyde doublenes

And ferthermore haue in reuerence
These wmyen all for thy lady sake
And suffre neuer that men hem doo offence
for loue of one/but euermore vndertake
hem to defende whether they slepe or wake

And ay be redy to holden theym partye
Ayenst all tho that to hem haue enuye

Be curtees ay and lowly of thy speche
To ryche and poure ay fresche and well beseyn
And euer bely wayes for to seche
All true louers to release of her payne
Syth þ art one/i of noo wyght haue disdayn
for loue hath power hertes for to daunte
And neuer for cheryslyng/the tomoche auaunt

Be lusty eke boyd of all trystesse
And take noo thought but euer be Jocound
And not to pensyf for none heuynes
And with thy gladnes/lete sadnes ay be found
whā woo approacheth/lete myrthe most habound
As manhod areth/and though þ fele smert
Lete not to many knowe of thyn hert

And alle vertues besely thou sue
Dyces eschewe for the loue of one
And for noo tales thyn hert not renewe
word is but wynd that shall soon ouergoon
what euer thou here be dombe as ony stoon
And to answere to soone/not the delyte
for here she standeth þ all this shall the guyte

And whether thou be absent oz in p'elence

None others beaute lete in thy hert myne
Syth I haue yee hyr of beaute excellence
Aboue all other in vertue for to chyne
And thynke how in fyre me arn wont to fyne
This pured gold to put hit in assaye
Soo to the proue/thou art put in delaye

But tyme shall come thou shalt for thy suffraun
Be well apayd and take for thy mede (ce
Thy lyues Joye and all thy suffysaunce
Soo that good hope alwaye thy byrdell lede
Lete noo dyspeyr hyndre the with drede
But ay thy trust vpon her mercy grounde
Syth none but she may thy sorowe sounde

Eche hour and tyme/weke/day/and yere
Be lyke faythfull and vary not for lyte
Abide a while and thenne of thy desyre
The tyme neygheth that shall the most delyte
And lete noo sorowe in thy hert byte
for noo differryng/syth thou for thy mede
Shall reioyse in pees the flour of womanhede

Thynke how she is this worldis sonne & lyght
The sterre of beaute the floure eke of fayrnes
Bothe crop and rote and eke the rubye bryght
Hertes to glade/ytroubled with derknes
And how I haue made her.thyn hertes empresse

Be glad therfore to be vnder her bonde
Now come nere doughter and take hym by the
(honde

Vnto this fyn that after all these shours
Of his torment he maye be glad and lyght
Whan by your grace ye take hym to be yours
For euermore anone here in my syght
And eke I wyll also as hit is right
Withoute more his langour for to lyse
In my ptesence anone that ye hym kysse

That there maye be of all your old smertes
A full relees vnder Joye assured
And that one locke be of your bothe hertes
Shet with my keye of gold soo well pured
Donly in sygne that ye haue recured
your hooll desyre here in this holy place
within my temple now in the yere of grace

Eternally be bounde of assuraunce
The knot is knyght/that maye not be vnbounde
That all the goddes of this allyaunce
Saturne / Ioue / and Mars as it is founde
And eke Cupide that fyrst did you wounde
Shall bere recorde / and euermore be wreke
On whiche of you / his trouth fyrst breke

Soo that by aspectes of theyr fyry lokes

without mercy shall falle the vengeance
for te be rased cleane out of my bokes
On whiche of you be found of varyaunce
Therefore attones letteth your plesaunce
fully to be while ye haue lyf and mynde
Of one accorde vnto your lyues ende

That yf the spiryte of newfangelnes
In ony wyse your hertes wold assaplle
To meue or styre to byrnyng in doublenes
Upon your trouth to gyue a bataylle
Letz not your corage ne your force faylle
Nor none assaultes you flytten or remeue
for vnassayed noo man may trouth proue

for whyte is whytter yf it be sette by blacke
And swete is swetter after bytternes
And falsshed euer is dryuen and putte abacke
where trouthe is roted withoute doublenes
without proue there may be noo sekernes
Of loue or hate and therfore of you twoo
shall loue be more/for hit was bought wth woo

And every thyng is had more in deute
And more of pryce whan it is dere bought
And eke loue stondeth more in seurte
whan it is tofore with payne woo & thought
Conquered was fyrst whan hit was sought

And euery conquest hath his excellence
In his porsute as it fyndeth resplendence

And soo to you more sote and agreable
Shall loue be founde I doo you playnly assure
Withoute grutchyng that ye were suffraible
Soo lowe soo meke paciently to endure
That all attones I shall doo now my cure
For now and euer your hertes soo to bynde
That nought but deth shall the knot vnbynde

Now in this mater what shold I lenger dwelle
Come ye attones and doo as I haue sayd
And fyrst my doughter that are of boūte welle
In hert and thought be glad and well apayd
To doo hym grace that shall and hath obeyd
your lustes euer/and I wyll for his sake
Of trouth to you be bounde and vndertake

And soo forth within presence as they stand
Tofore the goddes this fayre and wele
Her humble seruaunt toke goodly by the hond
As he tofore her/mekely dyd knele
And kysled hym after fulfylling euery dele
from poynt to poynt in full thyrfty wyle
As ye to forn had Venus herd deuyse

Thus is this man to Joye and all plesaūce

from heynes and from his paynes olde
full reconcyled / and hath full suffysaunce
Of her that euer ment well / and wolde
That in good fayth and I tell sholde
The Inward myrthes dyd her hertes brace
For all my lyf to tell / it were to lityll space

for he hath wonne hyr that he loueth best
And she to grace hath take hym of pryte
And thus her hertes ben bothe set in rest
without chaunge or mutabylte
And Venus hath of her benygnyte
Confermed all what shall I lenger tary
These twayne in one and neuer to vary

That for the Joye in the temple aboute
Of this acorde by grete solempnyte
was laude and honour within and withoute
Byue to Venus / and to the deyte
Of god Cupide / soo that Caliope
And all her susteren in her Armonye
Swete with theyr songes y godds to magnifye

And all attones with notes loude and sharpe
They dyd her honour and her reuerence
And Orpheus among them with his harpe
Can strynges touche with his dilygence
And Amphion that hath suche excellence

Of musyke ay dyde his besynesse
To plese and queme Venus the goddesse

Only for cause of the affynyte
Betwix these twoo not lusty to disseuere
And euery louer of lowe and hye degre
San Venus praye frothens forth and euer
That hool of theym the loue may perseuere
Withouten ende in suche wyse as they gonne
And more encrece that hit of hard was wonne

And the goddes heryng this request
As she that knewe the clene entencion
Of bothe theym twayne made a byhest
Perpetuelly by confirmacyon
Whiles they lyue of one affeccyon
They shall endure there is noo more to sayne
That neyther shall haue mater to complayne

Soo ferforth euermore in our eternall see
The goddes haue in our presence
fully deupsed thurgh theyr depte
And hooly concluded by her Influence
That by theyr myght and Iuste prudence
The loue of hem by grace and eke fortune
Withoute chaunge shall euermore contune

Of whiche graunt the Temple enuyron

Thurgh hye comfort of theym þ̄ were present
Anone was goon with a melodious lowñ
In name of tho that trouth in loue ment
A balade newe in full good entent
Tofore the goddes with notes loude and clere
Syngyng right this anone as ye shall here

Jayrest of sterres that with your persaūt lyght
And with the cherysyng of your stremes clere
Causen in loue hertes to be lyght
Only by shynyng of your glad spere
Now lawde and pryce O Venus lady dere
Be to your name that haue withoute synne
This man fortunèd his lady for to wynde

Willy planete O esperus soo bryght
That wofull hertes can appease and steepe
And euer are redy by your grace and myght
To helpe all tho that bye loue soo deere
And haue power hertes to sette on fyre
Honour to you of all that ben here Inne
That haue this man his lady made to wynde

O myghty goddesse day sterre after nyght
Gladynge the morowe whan ye doo appere
To voyde derknes by freshnes of your lyght
Only with twynklyng of your plesaūt chere
To you we thanke louers that ben here

That þe this man and neuer for to twayne
Fortuned haue his lady for to wanne

And with the noyse and heuenly melodye
With that they made in her armonye
Thurgh cut the temple for this mans sake
Out of my slepe anone I dyde awake
And for astonyed knewe as tho noo rede
For lodeyn chaunge oppressed with drede
My thought was cast in a traunce
Soo clene away was tho my remembraunce
Of all my dreame/wherof grete thought i woo
I had in herte and nyxt what was to doo
For heuynes for that I had lost the lyght
Of her that I all the long nyght
Had dreamed of in myn aduysyon
Wherof I made grete lamentacyon
By cause I had neuer in myn lyf befor
Sawe none soo fayre syth that I was born
For loue of whom soo as I can endyte
I purpose here to make and wryte
A lytyll treatyse and processe make
In pryce of wyȝmen oonly for her sake
Hem to comende as it is skyll and right
For her goodnes with all my myght
Prayeng to her that is soo bounteuous
Soo full of vertue and soo gracysous
Of womanhede and mercyfull prte

This symple treatyse for to take in gre
 Tyll I haue leyzer vnto her hye renoun
 For to expowne my forsayd bysoun
 And tell in playn the signefyaunce
 As it cometh to my remembraunce
 Soo that here after my lady may hit loke
 Now goo thy waye thou lytyll rude boke
 To her preience as I the comaūde
 And fyrst of all thou me recomaūde
 Vnto hyr and to her excellence
 And praye to hyr/hit be none offence
 If ony word in the be myssayd
 Besechyng her/she be not euill apayd
 For as her lyst I wyll the este correcte
 Whan that her lyketh ageynward the directe
 I mene that benygne and goodly of face
 Now goo thy waye and put the in her grace

ExPLICIT the Temple of glas.

Duodecim abusiones.

Rex sine sapiencia.	Episcop ⁹ sine doctrina.
Domin ⁹ sine pilio.	Mulier sine castitate.
Miles sine pbitate.	Judex sine Justicia.
Diues sine elemosina.	Populus sine lege.
Senex sine religione.	Seruus sine timore.
Paup supbus.	Adolescēs sñ obediēcia.

Go forth kyng reule the by sapience
Bysshop be able to mynystre doctryne
Lord to treu counceyle geue audyence
Womanhed to chastyte euer enclyne
Lynghyt lete thy dedes worshyp determyne
Be rightuous Juge in sayyng thy name
Ryche doo almes lest thou lese blys with shame

People obeye your kyng and the lawe
Age be thou ruled by good religyon
True seruaunt be dredfull & feare the vnder awe
And thou poure fye on prelunacyon
Inobedyence to youghth is vtter destruccyon
Remembre you how god hath sette you lo
And doo your parte as ye ar ordeynd to



